THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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ALPHONSINE D'ARGENNES;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

In Continuation.

IN these games it was usual for the ladies to be on the side of those combatants, whose valour excited their interest, and the desire of pleasing gave the Chevaliers increased strength, and promised a double value to victory.

Mademoiselle d'Argennes, who had not observed the attention with which the Chevalier de Fontange had examined her features, pleased with his graceful air, declared herself on his side. Her eyes naturally followed him in his career, and she did not conceal her joy when he gained any advantages over his rivals.

The games had scarcely ended when the Chevalier approached our heroine's party to inquire of Madame de Ligny, his aunt, who that lovely young lady was that had accompanied her to the tournament; but before he could ask her the intended question, she addressed him, saying:—"Approach Sir, and thank Mademoiselle d'Argennes for the wishes she has expressed in your favour." "Dear Madam," interrupted the embarrassed Alphonsine, "you are going to make Monsieur de Fontange believe that he is more indebted to me than to all those around us, who were equally desirous of seeing him conquer." "What," replied he, "is it nothing that you should have felt some interest in my success? but I presume you are unwilling that I should owe you any gratitude, as every one on beholding you must feel a much livelier sentiment."

Madame St. Clare, who perceived the confusion which this speech had produced in her young friend, endeavoured to change the conversation, by speaking of the elegance of the festivals, and the amusements of the day; but the Chevalier always returned to the same point, and with so much delicacy, that Alphonsine could not mistake the impression she had made on him.

The ladies now entered their carriage, and the Chevalier flew to his aunt, to inquire who Mademoiselle d'Argennes was, how long

she had been at Paris, and how he came to be with Madame St. Clare? She related to him all she knew respecting her birth and the fortune of Monsieur d'Argennes; and did not conceal from him that the Count de Puymarais was greatly smitten with her. This intelligence was a severe blow to the Chevalier; he could not, however, dissemble his sentiments for her. Madame de Ligny strove to combat them, but Fontange replied that they were too deeply rooted for him not to employ every means of gaining the young lady's affection.

The next day his assiduities at Madame St. Clare's were equal to those of the Count. They were not long in discovering each other to be rivals, and were minute observers of each other's conduct; but their dispositions were widely different. The Count de Puymarais, naturally haughty, and filled with conceit, wished the world not only to applaud, but to be interested in all his transactions. The Chevalier de Fontange, on the contrary, only prized his reputation as it was supported by the testimony of an approving conscience. He was the most charming man in existence when he wished to be so; but he did not throw away his friendship indiscriminately on all, but reserved it for those who were worthy of his esteem.

Alphonsine's heart secretly gave him the preference; but on that account, from prudential motives, she treated him with more coldness than his rival. The Chevalier, who did not divine her tho'ts, was in despair at her conduct. "If I may judge," said he to her, in one of their interviews, "by the condescension with which you treat the Count de Puymarais, any one who would love you might consider himself unfortunate, as he would seek to please you without hope. Alas! Mademoiselle, I can no longer conceal my affection; you would throw me into the most acute despair, were you to reject my suit; and can I doubt that you would, when my unhappy fate gives me the Count de Puymarais for a rival."

Alphonsine, who neither expected this declaration, nor the Chevalier's reproaches; was so much affected by them, that yielding to the favourable sentiments she entertained for him—"No, Sir," she replied, with an enchanting smile, "you do not think he is preferred to you, or even that he is your rival?" The joy she now beheld in the Chevalier's expressive eyes, warned her of what she had just declared, and she blushed deeply. How amiable did her confusion appear to Fontange, and how easily did he divine what had occasioned it! The thanks with which he overwhelmed her, contributed to increase it; and delighted with the confession he had obtained, he took his leave, thro' motives of delicacy, as he saw how

much the conversation embarrassed Mademoiselle d'Argennes.

When alone, how severely did she reproach herself; how vexed was she to have allowed her secret to be discovered. "How," exclaimed she, "shall I be able to support the eyes of the Chevalier in presence of the Count? How can I behave to the latter as I have done till now, after having acknowledged to the former that he had nothing to fear from him? They will both read my thoughts, what opinion will they have of me? Alas! this is the fruit of my imprudent behaviour! whither will it lead me? Many women whose conduct has been the most criminal, have not been more guilty than myself in the outset.—Ah! let me fly before I fall into the same snares; let me forever renounce the frivolous hope of being settled in the world; if I had well thought, how could I have flattered myself!—Heavens! how great has been my error! I will return to the peaceful retreat of my convent; there my heart will regain its lost tranquillity; I shall not have to reproach myself; I shall be free from my present cruel reflexions, and the fear of falling again into similar errors."

This resolution taken, Alphonsine was repairing to Madame St. Clare's apartment, to request her permission to put it in practice, when Mademoiselle de Fienne was announced, who had the day before arrived from the country, where she had spent several months. Our heroine was not sufficiently vain to wish to make a parade of the hearts she had gained, and indeed her late conduct was a powerful motive for her to be silent on that subject, even towards her whom she still thought her earliest friend. She said that it was rather through duty that she had yielded to the desires Madame St. Clare had expressed of keeping her so long from her convent; but that it was now time for her to leave Paris, and that in a very few days she intended returning to the Abbey of Reigny.—"Ah, my friend," exclaimed Mademoiselle de Fienne, "what a sad trick you wish to play me; what, you would be so unkind as to leave me at this time?—No, my dear, you must stay if you please, you would not refuse to be present at my marriage. I must add to the happiness of espousing my lover, that of enjoying the presence of my friend."—"You are going to be married?"—"Yes, in eight days I shall no longer bear the name of Fienne."—"The Count de Morsaing is then the happy man."—"Yes, it is he, and yet it is not he, for that was a false title my lover had assumed; I have heard the reason of his adopting it, but paid little attention to it; the person who bore it remains, and that is all I care about. It is not then the Count de Morsaing who is to be my husband, but the Chevalier de Fontange. He is

not, however, yet acquainted with his happiness. It is the day after to-morrow that the ceremony of the interview is to take place; his father and mine have settled every thing with the greatest secrecy, and we are come to Paris, to celebrate the marriage."

What a blow was this intelligence for Alphonsine! none could have been more dreadful. It was now that the imprudence of her conduct struck her with tenfold weight. A man to whom she had had the weakness to shew her partiality was on the point of marriage with another: this reflection overwhelmed her with grief, and her pride was greatly hurt. It was a severe struggle for her to conceal her agitation; but her resolution to leave the capital was now a thousand times stronger than before, and she determined to set off the next day if possible. Before terminating this interview, our poor heroine could not help shewing a little of the vexation she had endured.—"Go," said she, "Mademoiselle de Fienne, and enjoy the happiness which awaits you. I should be cruel were I to detain you any longer. I thank you for what you have confided to me; it is more precious to me than you are aware of. But friendship should forget all her rights when Love and Hymen are about to triumph. I should be angry with myself were I to rob you of their charms even for a moment."

Thus terminated this painful conversation, which probably will be thought rather ill-natured. Mademoiselle de Fienne retired, and Alphonsine shut herself up in her chamber. She had not been there long when Madame St. Clare came:—"I was right, my dear child," said she, "to think you would make your fortune, for now I believe it to be secure. The Count de Puymarrais has just left me; I will not tell you all the fine things he has been saying of you, but I must not conceal from you that he has made you an offer of his hand, that his felicity depends on your accepting his suit; and his ardent desire is that you will deign to accept from him a rank and fortune which he longs to lay at your feet.—But how is this? you do not answer me; you cast your eyes on the ground—you really astonish me. Is there any thing to reflect on so flattering a proposal, and which ought to surpass your expectation? Do you doubt the Count's honour?"—"I feel, madame that since he has explained himself to you, I have no right to judge otherwise than favorably of him," replied Alphonsine; "and yet I must own that I am not satisfied. The great disparity which exists between the Count and myself, hurts much more than it flatters me. The more I feel it my duty to be grateful, the more I dread being under the necessity of being so." "Why should this sentiment be so painful to you towards a man who, as

you acknowledge, possesses your esteem, and who is justly considered one of the worthiest of mortals? Come, my dear, be sincere, agree that you would have less hesitation if the same proposals came from the Chevalier de Fontange. Am I not right?" "Ah, madam, I entreat you forgive me, and be not so unjust towards me. The Chevalier entertains no affection for me, he never has; I should have been much deceived, had I supposed he ever bestowed a tho't on me.—Mademoiselle de Fienne, who has just left me, informed me that he is on the eve of marriage with her, and that already——." "Well!" interrupted Madame St. Clare, "you have then a double motive for accepting the hand of the Count, that of enjoying all the advantages which he offers you, and that of punishing the Chevalier for having wished to deceive you into a belief that he loved you."

This idea of revenge had some weight with Alphonsine. A woman will seldom agree exactly that she is not beloved; she may fear it, but it is seldom that she can be persuaded of it. Notwithstanding the affection Mademoiselle de Fienne pretended the Chevalier entertained for her, her friend thought she was assured he would not hear of her marriage with the Count without much vexation. Another reason also smiled upon her; which was, that of being upon an equality with Mademoiselle de Fienne. When she reflected on the Count's conduct, the delicacy of his proceedings now appeared to her so noble, that she almost reproached herself for not having distinguished him from his rivals; in short, all seemed now to contribute to make her think more favourably of him.

However, previous to entering into any engagement, she determined to have a conversation with him, and to acquaint him with what ought to prove a barrier to their union.

She accordingly requested to see him, and after having thanked him for his intentions towards her, she continued:—"You have heard of the obscurity of my birth, Count, a man of your rank ought to give an account to the world of all his actions. That which you wish to perform in my favour, will probably be disapproved of; I flatter myself that my conduct would justify you in some measure, but for that the world must wait; this is a tedious method, which is not always sure and rarely effaces first impressions. But I will suppose that in the end it may meet with some success, you will nevertheless have been exposed to many disagreeable circumstances, no one will dare to mention your marriage, and that will be a silen reproach; the world and society will no longer offer you the sam delights they have done hitherto.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL.

LADY ELEANOR BUTLER, AND MISS PONSONBY:

The fair Recluses of Llangollen.

(Continued.)

THE interior of the house is delightful on account of the just proportion and distribution of the apartments, the elegance of the ornaments and furniture, and the admirable view which you enjoy from all the windows; the drawing-room is adorned with charming landscapes, drawn and coloured from nature, by Miss Ponsonby. Lady Eleanor is a great proficient in music; and their solitary habitation is filled with embroidery by them both, of wonderful execution. Miss Ponsonby, who writes the finest hand I ever saw, has copied a number of select pieces in verse and prose, which she has ornamented with vignettes and arabesques, in the best taste, and which form a most valuable collection. Thus the arts are cultivated there with equal modesty and success, and their productions are admired with a feeling that is not experienced elsewhere; the spectator observes with delight that so much merit is secure in this peaceful retreat from the shafts of satire and envy, and that talents unaccompanied with ostentation and pride, have there never coveted any suffrages but those of friendship.

This evening was a scene of enchantment for me; not one painful reflection disturbed its felicity. I retired to rest, but my imagination was so fully occupied with what I had seen and heard, that my thoughts kept me for a long time awake. At length, I was just falling asleep, when I was roused by the most melodious sounds I listened in great astonishment; it was not music, but an indistinct and celestial harmony which penetrated my very soul. I discovered that it was produced by a violent wind which had just then arisen; my ear distinguished the distant noise and the whistling usually heard on such occasions, but the winds changing their nature as they approached this asylum of peace and friendship, formed only the most enchanting harmony as they met its trees and its walls. I was strongly disposed to believe in prodigies; but nevertheless I was determined to investigate the nature of this, but I durst not rise for fear of waking Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who was extremely fatigued with her journey, and slept in a bed close by mine. The tempest suddenly ceased, and the harmonious sounds appeared to be carried to a distance by the retiring winds. I raised my head towards the heavens to catch the last tones of this celestial concert, which seemed to be lost in the clouds. I listen-

ed with transport like St. Cecilia; if I had had my harp in my hands I should certainly have dropped it; at that moment all terrestial music appeared totally spiritless and insipid.

Next morning the whole mystery was explained. On opening my window I found in the balcony an Eolian harp, an instrument with which I was then unacquainted, and which, when the wind blows upon it, produces such enchanting sounds.

I walked out the whole forenoon with the two friends; nothing can equal the charms of the surrounding scenery, and of the prospects which the mountain whose summit they occupy commands; at this elevation they appear the queens of the beautiful country at their feet. Towards the north they have a view of the village and of a wood; to the south a long river washes the foot of the mountain, and fertilizes meadows of prodigious extent, beyond which is discovered an amphitheatre of hills covered with intermingled trees and rocks. In the midst of this wild scenery, rises a majestic tower, which might be taken for the Pharos of this coast, but is only the ruins of a magnificent castle, once the residence of the prince of the country. This solitary region was doubtless at that time flourishing and populous, now it is abandoned to nature alone, nothing is now to be seen in it but herds of goats, and a few scattered herdsmen sitting upon the rocks and playing upon the Irish harp. Facing this rustic and melancholy scene, the two friends have raised a verdant seat, shaded by two poplars, and thither they told me they often repair in summer to read together the poems of Ossian.

On this day I experienced very different impressions from those which had excited in me such enthusiasm on the preceding. Reflexion and reason dispelled the illusions which had caused me to envy the lot of the two friends. I thought them quite as amiable, quite as interesting, but I was convinced that they are much more to be pitied than admired. In this world, where every thing successively abandons us, we ought either to preserve as many ties as possible, or to break them all, and devote ourselves, without reserve, to that Eternal Being, who can alone accomplish our hopes, and fix our wavering hearts. In the natural state of society, family affections form a necessary succession of consolations in the course of life. A husband affords comfort for the loss of a mother; at a later period the hand of a beloved child will dry other tears; a brother shares our domestic sorrows, and a faithful friend makes amends for the treachery of a false one. Let us then cultivate all our connexions, and in this dangerous road which we are destined to travel, let us not reject any of our natural

stays, for if one fails us, another will at least support our weakness.

The greatest misfortune for a heart endued with sensibility, is to cherish an exclusive and passionate attachment for a frail dependant being, from which it is liable to be parted by a thousand circumstances, or to be forever separated by the hand of death. How pure soever this affection may be, still it will always be the source of painful apprehensions; if it is exempt from remorse, it cannot be free from agonizing inquietude.

From an English Paper.

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FATAL CATASTROPHE.

The following is a more particular account of the tragical event which took place on Sunday, the 26th of March, at Shuckburgh-Hall, near Rugby, in Warwickshire:

Lieut. Sharp was quartered at Daventry.—The lady was the eldest daughter of Sir Stukeley Shuckburg, Bart. a beautiful girl, of the age of nineteen years; and it appears that the affection was reciprocal. He was admitted for some time as a visitor at the house, but upon discovering that his family connexions were not so respectable as they had been conceived to be, he became no longer a welcome guest; and a rival had proposed his addresses to the young lady. The Lieut. and Miss Shuckburgh had still probably some private interviews. On Sunday, the 26th, at an early hour he rode up to the gates before Shuckburgh hall, with a servant, whom he desired to take the horse back to Daventry, adding, "that he was come to stay." He then went under the window of the lady's bed-chamber, and called to her. She was heard to say, "I will be with you in the garden in five minutes." The butler, who overheard this, watched them into the garden. They walked together into the summer-house, and bolted the door! the butler followed; when he reached the door, he distinctly heard Mr. Sharp say, "Will you, my love, my sweet love?" To which Miss S. answered, "Never! no, never!" —A pistol at that instant went off, and in a few seconds another. The man immediately tried to force the door, but could not get admittance; he heard no groan or noise but that occasioned by the fall of each. The family was now alarmed; and upon the door of the summer-house being broken open, the shocked spectacle of two dead corpes presented itself!

Two pistols had been used, and a third was found in the gentlemans pocket. His pocket book lay open on the seat, and near to it a paper, on which was written with a pencil, "I feared I should not have the resolution to perform the dreadful deed, but I find I have. This was probable written during

the few minutes of suspense, before Miss Shuckburgh came into the garden.

A few days before this dreadful occurrence took place, lieut. Sharp is said to have disclosed to a brother officer his great unhappiness on account of Miss S. and to have added, with indignation, "If she is not to be my wife we shall both, in a short time, be either in heaven or hell." His body was removd on Wednesday, into Bedfordshire, for interment. Miss Shuckburgh will be interred in the family vault at Shuckburgh.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF FEAR.

In the time of the American war, while the army had encamped at West-Point, a party of soldiers discovered an eagle's nest, half way down the vast precipice of the rock, adjacent to the fort; in order to get at the nest, one of the soldiers was let down by a rope fastened round his middle, and made sure above, with two or three men to guide the rope, and draw him up when he had executed his design.—When he had descended near to the nest, the eagle came upon him with hideous screams, aiming at his head—In this dilemma, he had no way to defend himself but by taking out his knife, with which he kept her off by striking at her, every time she came up to him; in one of the passes he made at her, he had the misfortune to strike the rope, and cut off two of the strands; and the other began to untwist, while his companions above drew him up as soon as possible: In this situation, he expected every moment the rope to part, when he must have fallen from the tremendous height, and be dashed to pieces among the rocks; but when almost every prospect of life had ceased, he was drawn up to the top of the rock, when the remaining strand of the rope was nearly reduced to a wisp or two! The effect of this sudden and extraordinary instance of fear upon this man was such, that in the course of twenty-four hours the hair of his head from a coal black was turned as white as the whitest wool! The man was about twenty-five years of age.

THE REAL PHILOSOPHER.

"What bands of black diseases spread their wings:
The peaceful regions of content invade:
With deadly poison taint the chrystal springs;
With noisome vapours blast the verdant shade."

In the suburbs of St. *Marcel*, where poverty reigns, a spotted fever cut down the people in hundreds. The confessors labored; the arms of the grave-diggers failed; the hearse rolled from door to door, and was never empty. A reinforcement of priests

was called in to assist the dying—a venerable capuchin entered a low hovel where one of the victims of contagion suffered; an old man in dirty rags lay dying—a bundle of straw served him for a covering and pillow. Not a moveable, not a chair in the house—he had sold all during the first days of his sickness for a little broth—on his naked wall hung an axe and a saw.

This was his whole possession, except the strength of his arms which he was not able to lift up.

"Take courage, my friend, (said the confessor) it is a great blessing God bestows on you today. You are going to depart from a world where you know nothing but misery. "But misery! (replied the dying man, with a feeble voice) you are mistaken; I have lived contented, and never complained of my lot. I never knew hatred nor envy. My sleep was tranquil—I labored in the day, but I rested at night—The instruments which you see, procured me bread, which I have eaten with pleasure. I never envied the table of the rich—I have observed the rich to be more subject to diseases than their neighbours. I was always poor, but was never sick until now. If I recover health, which I do not expect, I will return to labor, and continue to bless the hand of the God, which has hitherto cared for me. The astonished comforter knew not well what tone to take; he could not reconcile the miserable thatch with the language of him who lay on it—recovering himself, he said —"My son, though this life has not been unpleasant to you, you must, nevertheless, resolve to quit it, for we owe submission to God's will.'

"Without a doubt, (replied the dying man, with a firm tone of voice, and composed countenance, "all the world must pass in their turn.—I have known how to live; I know how to die—I thank God for giving me life, and conducting me through it to himself. I feel the moment approach—Adieu, my father." This is the death-bed of a pious christian, and those the sweet rewards of virtue, and a clear conscience.

VARIETY.

Died, on Thursday, at noon, at his house in Clipntonp-street, after a lingering and painful illness of several months, which he bore with unexampled calmness and fortitude, Thomas Holcroft, esquire, author of Hugh Trevor, the Road to Ruin and a number of other works. He was in his 61st year. Mr. Holcroft,s has been a life of literary labor. He possessed great natural endowments and a most burning desire of knowledge. He owed all his attainments to his own

thirst of information, and overcame every impediment that suppressed the ardour of his mind. For several years he was a Comedian of eminence in several respectable provincial companies, and came to London in the year 1778. From that time till the day of his last illness, he has been indefatigably engaged in almost every department of literature. He acquired by his own assiduity, such a knowledge of the languages, as to enable him to translate freely from the French, Italian, and German; and his Dramatic pieces, as well as Novels, entitle him to no ordinary praise as a fruitful and able writer. We lament to say, that he has left an amiable wife and six children, the oldest of whom is only nine years, totally unprovided for.—He has also left two daughters by his first marriage.

Oswaldus Norkingerus, an incomparable artificer, turned sixteen hundred platters out of ivory, in their proper figure, and yet were so thin and small that the whole number, all at the same time, were inclosed, in a cup turned out of a common pepper-corn.

A Russsian peasant has lately made a watch of singular and curious workmanship. It is of the size of an egg. Within it are represented the sepulchre of our lord, the stone closing it, and the guards standing nigh. The watch is a repeater. When the hour strikes, the stone is suddenly rolled from the mouth of the sepulchre, the guard fall on their faces, angels appear, the blessed women arrive, and that music is played which is usual to be executed in Russia on Paschal Eve.

A pedantic gentleman who was travelling, and above common language, stopped at an inn to get his horse and himself refreshment. Seeing some boys, when he alighted, he ordered one to "circumambulate his horse two or three times round the mansion, then permit him to inhale a moderate quantity of aqueous particles, after which to give him proper vegetable nutriment, and he would make him pecuniary satisfaction.

The boy being unaccustomed to such language, ran into the house, and told his father that a prince was without, who spoke French; the father came out, and hearing the man scold, asked him what was the matter? Sir, says the gentleman, I invoke all the genii attestis's that your offspring rejected me, and refused to put in practice my desires. Now, Sir, you I implore to enforce obedience upon them by correction, and then immediately provide some nutrious substance, to strengthen nature, cured over vegetable fuel, as I abhor the sulphurous tincture of

minerals—remember to get me some stimulus with it.

The innkeeper, without hesitation, concluded him a madman, and with his wife, seized and tied him hands and feet, to a ring in the barn floor, then went for a doctor, who put a blister on his back, which in three days brought him to his wandering senses.

A circumstance has occurred, in the neighbourhood of a large town in Hampshire, which has occasioned much conversation. A young lady, twenty-three years of age, who will inherit a large property at her father's death, was discovered by him to be pregnant; and on the enraged parent's demanding to know who had been her seducer, she, to his utter astonishment, answered, it was her *maid*, Harriet. Harriet was immediately called before him, and an examination took place, when it appeared that the young lady, during a visit last June, at a friend's house, near London, became acquainted with a handsome youth, who was shop-lad at a circulating library, of whom she became enamoured, and a secret marriage was the consequence; but, fearing her father's anger at such an unequal match, (the youth being poor) the idea of being obliged to part with him, gave birth to the following stratagem:—The youth assumed the female habit, and accompanied his fair bride to her father's house, where he has, until within this fortnight, figured away as her maid. The old gentleman, however, is now reconciled to the loving couple, and *Harry (alias Harriet)* is as happy as wealth and beauty can make him.

Observations.

Fancy will have her share in friendship as well as love. You must please, as well as serve me before I can love you as the friend of my heart. But the talents that please for an evening may not please for a life. The humorous man soon runs through his stock of stories, mimicry and jests; and the wit by constantly repeated flashes, confounds and tires one's intellect, instead of enlivening it with agreeable surprize; but good sense can never tire, nor wear out; it improves by exercise, and increases in value the more it is known; the pleasure it gives in conversation, is lasting and satisfactory, because it is accompanied with improvement; its worth is proportioned to the occasion that calls for it, and rises higher on the most interesting topics; the heart as well as the understanding finds its account in it; and our noblest interests are promoted by the entertainment we receive from such a companion.

Junot, Duke of Abrantes.

We have already mentioned the report, that this man, who made

so considerable an appearance in the campaign of Portugal, was born in Ireland. A correspondent wishes us to give insertion to the following account on the subject :

Junot is the son of a school-master, near Athy, in the county of Kildare, of the name of Julian ; and he now has a brother, a serjeant in the Waterford militia, and an uncommonly good looking, powerful, and well-conducted man. He has a sister, too, who some years since received a letter from him, intimating that a fortunate occurrence in the field had introduced him to the favor of Bonaparte.

Junot is an excellent scholar, and for some years was an usher in the school of Mr. Dunn, near Athy, where he was much liked, though rather too fond of fighting. He attended all the boxing-matches in the country ; and although he never entered the lists for money, would *for love* break the bones of any person who, from the *same motives*, chose to contend with him.

Lon. paper.

London is of all places the most convenient and retired, for a man of small fortune : there every sort of refreshment is to be had in the smallest quantities ; and provided a man has a clean shirt and three pence in his pocket, he may talk as loud in the coffee-house as the esquire of ten thousand pounds a year. No one asks how he lives, or where he dined. It is not so in the country—your neighbours, wanting that constant supply of news or amusement to be had in a great city, busy themselves in the minutest enquiries, not only scrutinizing into the birth, parentage, education, and fortune of their neighbours, but even retailing the articles of their daily housekeeping, insomuch, that at the little chandler's shop in every village, it is exactly known how many eggs each inhabitant had in his last Sunday's pudding.

A raw apprentice in a dry-goods shop, being asked by a lady to show her some silk hose, who enquired how high (meaning the price) they came ? He very simply and seriously answered, that he had never tried them on, but believed that they would reach above the knee.

A Bricklayer working on the top of a house, accidentally fell through the rafters—O ! says a by-stander, I like such a fellow mightily, for he is a man that *goes through his work.*

A person, confined for debt, once forced the door of his prison, and made his escape. He was however retaken, and indicted for

the offence. It was contended on behalf of the government, that the crime was the same as forcing the door of any other house; to which the judge replied—the comparison would have been just, if he had broken the door of the prison in order to get into it; and the first time such a thing happens bring the offender before me, and I will not fail to punish him.

The convent in which reposed the ashes of the celebrated Laura, at Avignon, was two or three years ago sold and demolished; and the chapel, in which a tombstone indicated her place of interment, is transformed into a stable for mules and jackasses. Of the inscription on her tomb, nothing now remains but "LAURA," and "*requiescat in pace.*"

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A young man, going in to a place of public entertainment at Paris, was told that his dog could not be permitted to enter; and the dog was accordingly left with the guard at the door. The young man had scarcely entered the lobby, when his watch was stolen. He returned to the guard, and prayed that his dog might be admitted, as, through his means, he might discover the thief. The dog was suffered to accompany his master, who intimated to the animal that he had lost something. The dog set out immediately in quest of the *strayed* article, and fastened on the thief, whose guilt, on searching him, was made apparent, he having no less than six watches in his pocket, which being laid before the dog, he distinguished his master's, took it up by the string, and bore it to him in safety.

Through an accident, which could not be repaired in time for this week's publication, I am obliged to omit advertisements on the cover. The deficiency shall be made up.

MARRIED,

On the 29th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Charles I. Nicholas, of Philadelphia, to Miss Alice Ann Hoffman, daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Esq. of this city.

DIED,

On Tuesday night, after a short illness, Eliza A. C. Hoffman, youngest daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Esq.

On Tuesday evening last, in the 34th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with exemplary fortitude, Mrs. Rebecca Woodham, wife of James Woodham.

At his seat at Haymount, in Fayetteville, on the 20th ult. John Hay Esq. Attorney at law, in the 52d year of his age, for many years a distinguished and respectable man.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

PROLOGUE
TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

As intended to have been spoken by Mr. Harwood.

LADIES and Gentlemen, behold me here
Not Solus, for I bring hope, doubt, and fear—
Hope in the vau—doubt trembling in the rear.
A female candidate for public favor,
To-night indulgence craves on her endeavor;
The ladies, friendly to each other's foible,
Will surely not condemn the well-meant bauble?
And gentlemen, I'm sure I need not sue
In vain, for kind protecting smiles from you!
It may perhaps appear somewhat romantic,
To kill a Duke on this side the Atlantic;
But tho' he falls—ah, let him rise again—
Live in your favor—of your notice vain.
The hero of to-night, famous in British story,
Was cut off in the zenith of his glory;
His doom foretold, a victim thus to dash on,
The assassin came! for murder was the fashion!
Witness the martyr'd sovereign of those days,
Whose annals none can read without amaze.
Our hero, as we're told by Mistress Fame,
Gain'd by a handsome face a lofty name;
But mounting high the ladder of ambition,
Just stepp'd awry, and tumbled to perdition—
We "murder but in jest," Hem! Shakspeare—Say,
Shall he not live to die another day?
Oh gentle ladies—gentlemen so kind,
What shall I say to calm our author's mind?
Say, shall I tell her you'll indulgent be?
That "silence is consent," all must agree;
She bids me say should you but grant this favor,
Your smiles will stamp her gratitude forever!

ELEGY
On the death of a Blacksmith.

With the nerves of a Sampson this son of the sledge,
By the anvil his livelihood got;
With the skill of old Vulcan could temper an edge,
And struck—while yet the iron was hot.

By *forging* he liv'd, yet never was try'd,
Or condemn'd by the laws of the land;
Yet still it is certain, and can't be denied,
He often was *burnt in the hand.*

With the sons of St. Crispin no kindred he claim'd,
With the *last* he had nothing to do;
He handled no *awl*, and yet in his time,
Made many an excellent *shoe*.

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still
His bellows was always in blast;
And I will acknowledge, (deny it who will)
That one *Vice*, and but one he possess'd.
No actor was he, or concern'd with the stage,
No audience to awe him appear'd;
Yet oft in his shop (like a crowd in a rage)
The voice of a *hissing* was heard.

Tho' *steeling* of axes was part of his cares,
In thieving he never was found;
And tho' he was constantly *beating on bars*,
No vessel he e'er ran aground.

Alas, and alack! And what more can I say
Of Vulcan's unfortunate son?
The priest and the sexton have bore him away,
And the sound of his hammer is done!

COMMUNICATED.

From Godwin's Passaic Album.

ON PASSAIC.

TRACE we now the torrent tide,
Tow'rds the dark steep's craggy side;
The verge one moment seems to stay its flight,
Then flashing headlong on the sight,
The dizzy summit plunging past,
It heaves, it thunders to the blast.
From rock to rock recoiling still the stream,
Wakes in its downward course a *foamy gleam*;
Till hush'd at length, its billows all subside,
And gently flows the unmolested tide.
O'er Spring-enamoured plains pursues its way,
And vales made fertile by its fostering sway;
Reflects the beauties that its waters lave,
And heaven's bright image painted on its wave.

Oft the dryads sporting there,
Bathe in the limped stream their hair;
The green wave softly wafts along
The liquid sweetness of their song.

Like thine, lov'd stream, is his repose at last,
Who long has struggled in the world's chill gloom;
All sorrows flown—all memory's anguish past,
And Heaven and transport dawning on his tomb.

LODINUS.

GRAMMATICAL QUESTION.

SAID Anna's preceptor, "a kiss is a noun,
"But tell me if *proper* or *common*," he cried.
With cheeks of vermillion, and eye-lids cast down,
"'Tis both *common* and *proper*," his pupil replied.

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